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ORIGINAL POETRY.

Song of the Restored to Jerusalem.

Gain dust Judea's ruins on my song,
And notes of woe that green valleys long
Gain on the soil of Jerusalem's soil,
Till our feet-prints are placed on her ruins and soil.

Ye have reared up your own country in safety, and now
Ye have reared up your own country in safety, and now
Ye have reared up your own country in safety, and now
Ye have reared up your own country in safety, and now

He comes, he comes! O, I rejoice
That I again may hear his voice!
He comes, he comes! I hear his voice,
Nor by thy warmth burn deeper ill!
In David's tower, as of old,
With evil heart and darkened brow:
Yet little weens the maid carved,
How soon her soul must join the dust.
As O'er talks of love the while,
She little marks his hoarse's guide;
But thinks, as well the maiden may,
Whose life has been a holy day,
That she shall have to-morrow's dawn,
On shady wild and flowery lawn,
With thought as free and bosom mild,
As she was wont when but a child.

To-morrow, yet in heaven stands
To him of him whose will is fate,
What ground upon earth he sends,
That falls close of souls'igrate.

Yes, when it comes, like yesterday,
That herald to eternity,
It soon will pass away, away,
O'erflowing with human misery.

Upon to-morrow fancy dwells,
And pictures him in gaily hue;
And how he'll smile with all his eyes,
Would he were here to see the true.

But, O! would all the human race,
In truth, their future morrow see,
They would forsake this life chase
Of evanescent vanity.

LINE.

Written on the death of the amiable Miss A. C. of Southwark.

"I should not weep thy early fate—
Now let escape one single sigh,
But should rejoice at thy best state,
To know thou'rt with thy God on high."

But mercy often will recall
Thy many virtues, bright and clear;
Oh! then I mourn thy early fall
With many a warm and silent tear.

I knew thee well, in by-gone years,
When beauty smiled upon thy brow;
I knew thee well—when sorrow's tears
Scarce yet had dim'd thine eyes bright glow.

Full well I knew thy virtues—aye,
Thy softest—brightest hues;
When thy Redeemer's sacred call
Had raised thee up to heavenly views.

Best shouldst—the selfish tear forgive—
Despite of reason—Friendship's call
Must be obeyed—the drop will live
When Memory opens its sacred hall.

Best be thy friends thou'rt left behind—
Brothers and sisters—one and all;
Lest will they seek—grant they may find
The value of thy bounteous call.

Lord—his will they will, to take,
For should one soul—give eye repine;
Grant as the will—the power to make
Our peace with thee—on thee recline.

SELRAHC.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

[From the Philological Institute, Pittsburgh.]

A FRAGMENT.

It was night. I wandered forth in a melancholy mood, to inhale the evening breeze, on the banks of the smooth and placid lake on which the town of P— is situated: the moon, "pale queen of night," rode in unclouded majesty through the heavens, and not a sound was heard, save when the shrill whistle of the whippoorwill, or the mournful cry of the night owl, in the deep recesses of the forest, broke upon the stillness of the evening. The scene was in exact accordance with my feelings; but, instead of alleviating, (as I had hoped) it tended to increase the melancholy which preyed upon my heart.

I thought of the time, when in the buoyancy of youth and spirits, I tripped along these very banks, where now my sluggish limbs almost refused to do their duty: I remembered the day, when my visions of future life were bright and pleasing, when not a single spot darkened the sphere of my expectations. But those days were past—were gone for ever, and had left behind but their sad remembrance behind. Think not, reader, that it was in consequence of the loss of worldly wealth, or even of friends, that I felt thus sad. No! of gold I had enough, and more than enough for all my wants. I was surrounded by devoted parents, affectionate relatives and loving friends, but still there was a void, still one dark cloud hovered over my destiny, and threatened my dissolution.

I loved Amelia—with a tenderness never surpassed. The exquisitely moulded form, her soft expressive blue eyes, her angelic countenance, but still more her goodness of heart, had at the early age of fifteen captivated my wandering, unsteady thoughts. After an absence of three years, I had just returned from college, and having exchanged the friendly greetings which saluted me on my arrival, my anxious enquiry was for the beloved of my heart, enquired anxiously after the beloved of my heart. What then was my surprise and astonishment on hearing that she had retired with her father no one knew whither. All my endeavours to discover her retreat had proved unavailing, and I now wandered a disconsolate and heart-broken wretch without a ray of hope to cheer me.

Filled with reflections on my cruel destiny, I wandered for a long time, regardless of the late hour of the night, until I was obliged to give way to weariness, and sitting down on the fragment of a rock, I regarded for a time the placid bosom of the lake, and envied its calm repose. I did not however long remain in this situation, being pleasantly interrupted by the soft and mellow tones of a female voice, which proceeded from a short distance up the lake, and echoing from the opposite shore, fell with a grateful sensation on my listening ear. I sat still for a moment heeding an anxious ear towards the place from whence the sound had issued—a vague idea crossed my mind, "perhaps it is she!" and springing from my seat I hastened towards the voice. I paused however as I approached and listened attentively, lest I should be mistaken, but was soon convinced I was right—no voice but my Amelia's could produce the thrilling effects which those sounds produced. As I came near I could plainly distinguish the words of a little song which I had dedicated to her—my heart leaped when I beheld her seated under the moon, and my eyes were fixed on her face. All decorum was forgotten at the moment—I rushed forward and pressed her to my heart with sensations of delight to which I had long been a stranger. She, however, though she shrank with becoming

shame from my embrace, seemed equally delighted with the meeting. Her father's dwelling was not far distant, whither we immediately repaired. The good old man was delighted to see me, and notwithstanding the lateness of the night, we spent a considerable time in agreeable chat.—Need I add, that Amelia is now my partner for life, and as an affectionate wife and fond mother is a pattern to her sex.

A. B. F.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

An Address read before the Philological Institute, June 8, 1820.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land—W. S.

There is no feeling that exists in the heart of man, of a deeper, purer, or more hallowed character, than love of country. From the highest in the scale of earthly honors, to the lowest; from the possessor of the highest offices of rank and distinction, down to the humble peasant that dwells in peace beneath the roof of a lowly cottage, this feeling is felt alike, in all its power. True, indeed, it sometimes degenerates into a selfish principle, that looks to nothing but its own interests; but when this is the case, it not only degrades the man in the eyes of his countrymen, but renders him unworthy of any government. When in its purity, there is not to be found a more sublime or generous impulse, or a nobler principle of action, in the heart of man. It is a theme on which the poet dwells with rapture and delight, and the pen of the historian traces with "words of fire," the life and actions of the patriot.

It is love of country, that endears to the wandering Ishmaelite, the arid and sandy deserts of Arabia; it is love of country, that presents to the view of the despised African, the parched soil and the burning deserts of his native land, as the most beautiful and interesting place on earth; and it is love of country, that binds the heart of the European, to the green fields and the fertile forests which are scattered far and wide over the land of his fathers.

But in no country on the face of the globe, is this principle displayed in a stronger or more disinterested manner than our own. It was this that caused the statesmen and warriors of the Revolution, to pledge their "lives, their fortunes, and even their sacred honor," should the interests of their country demand the sacrifice; it was this that enabled them successfully to resist the power of a nation, at that time the mightiest on earth. It was this that led them to fight, for neither did the wild and burning flames of ambition mingle with their aspirations for the freedom of their country. They trampled with scorn upon the star, the garter and the coronet, emblems of wretched though splendid slavery, and the cross and the mitre were as dust beneath their feet. Their country's freedom was their only object, and their country's freedom they obtained. The British Lion now slumbers in abject submission beneath the proud eye of the American Eagle; and the "Star Spangled Banner" waves in triumph, over the time-worn, and the blood-stained flag of England.

Through the whole extent of our country, there is scarcely a spot that is not endeared to us by the most noble and exalted recollections: the very place on which we now stand, is fruitful in the remembrance of patriotism and disinterestedness. Once it echoed to the yell of remorseless savages, and the demoniac shouts of men, reckless of their brother's blood. But these are remembered no more, and the peaceful fields, and the institutions of Republicans, now arise in beauty, on the place once whitened by the bones of our fathers; and the abundant harvest waves over fields once watered by their blood.

The ruins of Fort Duquesne, alone remain—the wreck of pride, and a monument of unsuccessul tyranny and ambition. The Eagle, proud emblem of our liberty in her flight across the bosom of the western continent, gazed upon it, and her lightning glance, with the power of a thunderbolt, shook this proud temple of monarchy to its centre; the spirit of liberty breathed upon it, and it crumbled into dust; darkness, desolation and ruin, now hold high festival on the spot, where the minions of a monarch vainly hoped to perpetuate the name and power of their master.

The voice of freedom, that once sounded through the dark shades of the Western Forest, was glad music to the ears of their countrymen, but to their foes it was terrible—terrible as the thunder that once rolled in solemn majesty from Mount Sinai, was to the congregated hosts of Israel.

The bugle's note has long since sounded its last farewell over the graves of departed virtue; and the hearts, that once beat high with hope and exultation, in their country's cause, now slumber in the silence of the grave. The din of war and the battle's shout, have died away, like the departing echoes of the clarion's blast; yet the memory of those who sustained its tones, has not perished with them. They ask not the vernal breath of fame to sound their praise, or monuments of sculptured marble to emblazon their proud deeds; the everlasting rocks and mountains are to them a more splendid mausoleum than any that could be erected by the hand of man—their names and actions are portrayed in burning characters on the heart of every American. There is no more breath of murmure through the stately forests of our country, nor a wave or ripple that dances on the surface of the smallest stream, from the Atlantic to the furthest shore of the Mississippi, that breathes not in strains of sweetest melody, the praises of the fathers of the American Republic.

The force of their example animates the hearts of millions at the present day, and their death in such a noble cause, has awakened the spirit of liberty throughout the world—a spirit which has already given freedom to the oppressed inhabitants of Ireland—which has rescued the classic fane and the prostrate shrines of Greece from the hands of the Turkish oppressor—which has planted the standard of Freedom upon the loftiest summit of the Andes, from whence its now waves over eight sister Republics in the South—a spirit which shall never rest, until the angel of the Eternal proclaims that time shall be no longer.

J. H. J.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE SPY.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

What! the cold rain, and spied? Hands off—You are no such rascal—Ben Johnson's Tale of Robin Hood.

It was in the disastrous spring of 1780 that the affairs of the colonists were their most gloomy appearance. The British troops having obtained possession of most of the important fortresses of the north, had now an opportunity of extending their arms to the more peaceful, though not less unconquered, sections of the south. Early in the spring of 1780, the royal army, under Clinton, left the shores of New York for the distant expedition of the Campaign. Upon the first of April they arrived in the neigh-

borhood of Charleston, and immediately summoned that city to surrender. The inhabitants, astonished at the rapidity of their march, and hemmed up in a narrow town, from which they could expect no immediate relief, expressed a willingness to subscribe to the terms of capitulation, and upon the eighth of the following month surrendered the city into the hands of the victors. The town was now filled with the victorious British soldiers, and had every appearance of a defeated and humbled metropolis; but the country was still unconquered. The spirit of the people was roused, and headed by such men as Marion, Sumpter, and others, conducted their daring operations within almost gunshot of the royal camp. Every building was converted into a place of defence, and every private habitation served but as a place of rendezvous for the conspiring party. Lines of sentinels were regularly laid off upon the rivers of Cooper and Ashley, and extended to within a few miles of the city of Charleston itself. The two belligerent parties were by this means rendered more cautious and more respectful to each other, and their operations went forward.

It was near the close of a beautiful day in the latter part of November, 1780, that a solitary horseman was observed to travel, with a slow and cautious step, the winding shores of the little river Ashley. The horse upon which this traveler rode, was one which bore evident marks of his having been selected more on account of his agility and speed, than for any uncommon strength or muscular powers which he possessed. His finely-turned limbs, and the more delicate texture of his sinews, gave him an appearance of beauty and activity but little calculated to perform long journeys or endure fatigue. The animal at this time, however, appeared but little exhausted; and, but for the perspiration and white froth with which his flanks were partly covered, the extent of his journey might perhaps have passed unnoticed. The rider was a young man, decidedly in the prime of life, and from his finely-proportioned limbs and strong nervous chest, appeared well calculated to endure fatigue. His dress was, strictly speaking, neutral; and yet, in the adjustment, a critical observer might have discovered more of the military than our youthful stranger would have desired. His arms were either such as were very slight, or not calculated to be exposed to the eyes of the inquisitive; at least they were entirely concealed. The horseman had been observed by some laborers, in the early part of the afternoon, travelling with that same measured pace, and selecting the same concealed and unfrequented paths, as when introduced to the public eye. But he had now arrived at a turn in the path which commanded a far different view. Upon the margin of the stream, and close down to the shore, lay a huge punt, or fishing boat, drawn high upon the sands, and her keel exposed to the sun. Upon the bottom of this crazy vessel a rough-featured, weatherbeaten sailor, was endeavoring to bestow some repairs. Upon the banks of the river, and near to this spot, which appeared to be a rude fishing ground, were scattered three or four huts, apparently the habitations of this class of people. At the door of the nearest of an old woman, wrapped in the folds of a red sailor cloak, and appeared busily engaged in mending a net.

"Will you be so kind as to inform me if I am in the right road to Singleton Place?" said the stranger, who had by this time rode up near to the place where the fisherman was standing.—The man, who appeared to have been unconscious that any one had approached him, in the first moment of surprise, he looked down at his feet, and, laying down the hammer with which he was at work, regarded him for a moment with a keen and penetrating look, and then muttering to himself, in a low and suppressed tone, "Singleton Place! Singleton Place!" and then raising his voice, he replied, "and will you, Mr. Stranger, be so good as to tell me the why, and wherefore, and by whose permission, you go up to Singleton Place?" "Perhaps," said the stranger, smiling, "by permission of Lord Sterling." "Sterling! Sterling!" muttered he to himself; "faith, the fellow has got the watch-word; and yet what business can he have at Singleton Place? You had better alight, master stranger," repeated he, "and take a bit of something to eat. Jack will be home before night, and he will go to the place with you." "My business is urgent, and beside, if you will inform me whether I am in the right road, I can seek for information farther on." "It is impossible," said the weatherbeaten mariner; "and furthermore, as he is, lowering his voice, "if you come from any of our great leaders, Marion, Sumpter, or what not, mind how you deal with John Singleton, for he is the very devil incarnate." "Robin," said Sergeant McDonald to me a few days since, "you know John Singleton?" "Certainly, Sergeant," said I; "a tenant ought to know his landlord." "And you have heard of Anderson?" "Certainly," said I; "You will mind, then, Robin," said he, "and keep a sharp eye upon this old crony. See who goes up to Singleton Place, and know the why, the when, and the wherefore." "Trust me for that," said I, and I rode on, drawing a long breath, and smacking his lips, and appearing disappointed that he could not go through the most agreeable part of his recital, resumed his work in silence.

Perhaps," said the traveller, who appeared to be impatient of delay, "you are poor and perhaps," said he, offering him several pieces of silver coin, "this money, this will remunerate you for your trouble." The fisherman, for a moment, turned a suspicious and enquiring glance upon him, and then dashing his hammer with some violence against the side of his boat, he replied with some vehemence, "traveller, stranger, American, or English, be you what you may, you mistake Robin McCure. It is not your money I want. But do you wish to pass by day-light, a party of Sumpter's light horse, who would hang you up if you were to follow the watch-word until your lungs give out? I say, master stranger, wait till Jack returns, and you may then hang up as safe as if you had all Marion's hunters at your back." The stranger appeared to be struck with the justice of the remark, and instantly dismounting gave his horse's reins into the hands of a little bareheaded urchin, and followed his conductor to the house. The woman, who had been sitting on a bench near the door, had now removed into the apartment, and was standing near the only window which the building contained. A faint streak of the twilight shone upon her countenance, and discovered to him features which the stranger was almost induced to believe he had seen before. The woman also appeared to stare as if with a look of recognition, and as the man turned his back to the party, suddenly changed the place where she was standing, glided across the room and whispered in the traveller's ear the name of Glenaville Pemberton. The stranger started as

if from a reverie, sprang upon his feet and seized the fold of the old woman's cloak; placing his finger upon her lip, however, she made a motion of silence, and releasing herself from his grasp, left the room immediately. Throwing himself into an old arm chair, he wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead, and for some time remained silent. "Then I am recognized," said he, as the fisherman left the apartment, "within the lines of the American encampment, and that old woman comes upon her, has my secret. But—'But what?' said Robin, as he re-entered the apartment, "you are not muttering against Sergeant McDonald's orders, I trow. I tell you what good-will," said Robin, as he returned again into the room in which his wife was cooking, "we must obey the sergeant's orders. And besides, Robin," said he, "you know there will be vacancies in the army to fill up, and why not with fisherman?" "And why not," said I, as I looked at my but and looked him straight in the face, "we are as patriotic as other folks, I know." "I dine ten," said the woman, in a half English, half Scottish dialect, "but I thought he had better gas down and spear for quarters at the place." "Hoot, hoot, away, goodwife," said the fisherman, "Jack will be back in a trice, and then he may gang to the place as he will, as if he had all Sumpter's light horse at his heels. And why not," said I, as I looked at my but and looked him straight in the face, "we are as patriotic as other folks, I know." "I dine ten," said the woman, in a half English, half Scottish dialect, "but I thought he had better gas down and spear for quarters at the place." "Hoot, hoot, away, goodwife," said the fisherman, "Jack will be back in a trice, and then he may gang to the place as he will, as if he had all Sumpter's light horse at his heels. 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and in this they are *very* large trees, particularly in the
a more than ordinary size, and they are very hardy, in-
temperate, and assures them they can be at all times
ordered to *Nono* gays, of the rarest kind and richest
ash with *Acromegala* families, the Garden will be
very intimate at 4 o'clock, that children, be
served by their parents, governess, or teachers,
and healthy and pleasing recreation. It will be
that children should be admitted *uncompensated*
Rae is well stored with the best of WINE and
R.S. PUNKER, ALE, MEAD, MILES PUNCH,
S. ICE CREAM, RASPBERRIES, CHERRY-
and *Acromegala* trees. Also, *TUNLEY*
and various other refreshments. *Acromegala*
tion, together with the assistance of polite and
re Waters, T. & S. hopes to extend a continuous
patronage, for which he feels so much indebted
for the *Acromegala* just mentioned.
Garden will be illuminated every evening.
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